

Torrance Herald

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF TORRANCE

Published weekly at Torrance, California, and entered as second-class matter January 30, 1914, at the Postoffice at Torrance, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Railroads Offer July 4 Cut Rates

On account of Independence Day the Santa Fe, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific railroads have announced that special excursion fares of one and one-third fare for the round trip will be made to all points on their lines where the one-way fare is \$30 or less.

Poultry Expert To Speak at Inglewood

The Agricultural Extension Service and Farm Bureau will hold a poultry meeting and demonstration at the ranch of Robert Stephens, 1237 West Centinella boulevard, Inglewood, on Monday, June 21, at 1:30 p. m.

Mrs. Susie McCroskey and son Carl, of 25th street, spent Sunday at Laguna Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. William Green and Mrs. Dupsky, of Pennsylvania avenue, were entertained by San Pedro friends Friday.

The One who forgot

By RUBY M. AYRES

BEGIN HERE TODAY

PETER LYSTER loses his memory from shell shock on the Western Front. Upon his return to London he fails to recognize NAN MARRABY, the girl to whom he had become engaged before leaving for France. Nan has returned home from London, due to the death of her step-mother, to take care of her three small stepbrothers. She still writes to her friend, JOAN ENDICOTT, who told her that Peter and a fellow officer, JOHN ARNOTT, were at the home of Arnott's widowed sister, not far from the Murraby home.

proached; the tall trees, meeting overhead, made a dark canopy against the gray sky.

She was alone here, and the tears rained down Nan's face as she walked—her pluck and bravery seemed to have gone now there was no longer need for self-restraint. The brambles caught at her dress as she passed, and she dragged herself free anyhow as she went; she only wished that she might die out here in the darkness and silence—that there might never be any need to go back again and take up the burden which life had imposed upon her.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

IT was Claude, she knew, and Claude was her favorite, but tonight she felt that she did not want him, that she could not force herself to answer his hundreds of questions. She opened the gate and fled into the road. It was quite a mild evening—the voice of spring was everywhere—and the promise of golden summer days to come.

He paused. "Good heavens! Miss Murraby," he said, amazed.

Nan did her best to check the sobs that were choking her. Peter flung his cigaret into the bracken, and stood beside her, distressed and perplexed. She turned away. She leaned her arms against the mossy trunk of a tree and hid her face in them. "I'm so—ashamed," she said; her breath was caught with sobs. "I'm not generally such an idiot," she dried her eyes fiercely, but the tears came again, and after a moment she gave it up; they were still running down her face when at last she looked at him.



"I notice you are wearing the badge of my regiment."

and there was a faintly phosphorescent light in the woods by which they could see one another's faces. Peter's eyes were full of distress. "You must think I'm crazy," Nan said. She tried to laugh; she mopped at her tears again—she felt as if she would never regain control of herself. "I've never done such a thing in all my life before," she told him. "I'm not a bit of a hysterical woman, really—ah, please believe me!"

"There isn't anything to be ashamed of," Peter said; his brows were knit into a frown. "I heard somebody crying—but I had no idea it was you. Is there anything I can do for you?"

Nan shook her head. Her lips were steadier now; she put her handkerchief away determinedly. "Shall we go back?" she asked. She did not want to go; it was just heaven to be here for a few moments with him, but she was afraid to trust herself.

"I'm not in a hurry, if you are not," Peter answered. "These woods fascinate me. By the way," he laughed—"I met your three small brothers here yesterday."

"Yes—they told me. They seemed to consider you a sort of modern Goliath." She was grateful to him for introducing an impersonal note. They were walking together along the narrow little footpath. There was only just room for them both; here and there Peter had to fall back a step to let Nan pass.

"They asked me to tea," Peter said again. "And I may as well admit that I got as far as your gate this afternoon with the intention of accepting the invitation—" She turned eagerly. "And you didn't?"

There was something pathetic in her voice. "No," he laughed. "I didn't like to when it came to the point—besides—I think you had friends." "Mr. Setton," said Nan quickly. This was something else in the long score against Setton, that his presence had driven Peter from her gate.

"Setton was it?" Lyster said thoughtfully. "I suppose you know that he is a friend of mine."

"Yes."

"One of the many I am afraid I have forgotten," Lyster said again, rather sadly. "It's a rotten position to be in, Miss Murraby. He gave a half-sigh. 'I tell you that some day a woman will come along and say she is my wife and I shall not be in a position to contradict her.'"

He laughed, as if to disperse his previous gravity. "But you will soon be quite well again," Nan said gently. Her heart ached for the trouble

In his voice. She longed to be able to slip her hand through his arm and lay her cheek to his sleeve and comfort him.

He laughed ruefully. "Shall I? Sometimes I wonder. It's a queer thing, you know, having your memory wiped out. And yet—his voice changed a little—"In a way it has its advantages. For instance, I get a chance to see people differently." Setton, for instance—by the way, I hope he is not a friend of yours?"

"No—no," said Nan, quickly. "Then I can go on with what I was going to say—which is that I am sure if I could choose my friends over again he would not be amongst them. He tells me that we were once great pals. . . . He gave a little chagrined laugh. "It takes some believing."

Nan could not answer; in her heart she was asking herself a desolate question—"What of me?—what would you feel about me if I told you—if you knew?" She stopped. "I ought to be going back—it must be getting late."

Lyster turned at once. "I suppose you ought to be going home, too," he said, reluctantly. "It's a three-mile walk to Gadsden, isn't it?"

"And do you like being there?" Nan asked him, jealously. "Is Mr. Arnott's sister nice?" "She's a delightful woman," Peter said quickly. "Mr. Arnott said he would bring her to call," said Nan.

"I am sure you will like her; she has been kindness itself to me," "Yes," said Nan, dully. "I shan't like her, I shall hate her," she was thinking in her heart.

They had come to an open space where the trees had been cleared. Nan stole a glance at Peter—he was looking at her, too. "I notice you are wearing the badge of my regiment," he said suddenly; he touched the little enameled bow on her blouse.

Nan caught her breath. "Yes—it was given to me—by somebody," she said in a panic. She put up her hand to the little ornament with a sudden nervous gesture.

"Arnott's sister lost her husband in France," Lyster said presently. "Yes," said Nan; her cheeks burned. "And I lost my lover there," she said.

The words seemed forced from her, she tried to cover the tragedy in her voice. She knew that Lyster looked at her quickly, and when he spoke his voice was singularly gentle. "Arnott did not tell me," he said.

"I never speak about it," Nan said hurriedly. "I just go on and try to forget—always to forget. . . . " "Oh—the woman who suffer in this war," Lyster said moodily. "For us—well, at least we have the excitement and the risk—and always something new—something different—but for the women who stay at home. . . . I think it is they who are the brave ones, Miss Murraby."

Nan tried to laugh. "I hope they are not all such cowards as I was just now," she said, shakily. "And I hope you won't tell anybody that I cried and made such an idiot of myself. . . . " "I've never done such a thing before," she rushed on. "I don't know what came over me. It's a merciful thing you turned up and brought me to my senses, or I might have wandered on for the rest of my life, like Melisande in the wood. . . . "

She was purposely talking flippantly, and Lyster seemed to understand her mood. "They were at the stile now. "Perhaps you'll come to tea one day," Nan said, trying to make her voice casual. "We only have school room tea and thick bread and butter, but I'll cut some thin for you—if you'll come."

"I like it thick," he answered, laughing. "Save the top crust for me, Miss Murraby, and I'll promise to come—let me help you."

Nan had deliberately pretended she could not mount the stile; she longed to feel his hands on hers again—she felt that she must snatch greedily at every moment with him. Lyster vaulted the stile easily and turned to help her. (To Be Continued)

***** LOCAL NOTES ***** Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Privett of Los Angeles were weekend guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Stalcup of Elgin street.

Miss Ellen Alexander of Pasadena was a weekend guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Alexander, of Narbonne avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Beckham were overnight guests Saturday of Miss Roseanna Hillman of Los Angeles and, with their hostess, spent Sunday at Beaumont.

Dinner guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Blue of Rose street were Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Reed and Miss Winnie Reed of San Pedro.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lyons of Eschelman avenue were entertained at dinner Friday by Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Madden of Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. William McHenry of Poppo street left Saturday for a visit of several weeks with eastern friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Martin of Beacon street were guests Saturday of Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Martin of Hollywood.

Mr. and Mrs. Borsky have moved from San Pedro into their recently completed home on Pennsylvania avenue.

Short casing and base, \$50 per 1000. Consolidated Lumber Co. -Adv.

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Announces the Purchase of Roberts' Meat Market (At Fess' Grocery)

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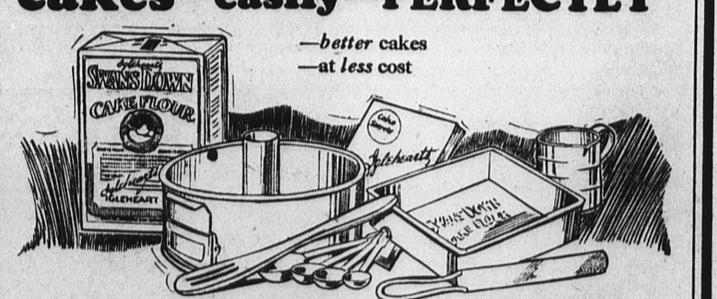
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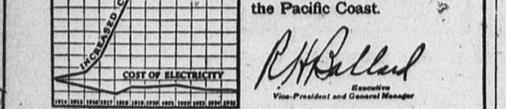
Little has been said but a great deal accomplished in the development of a real inter-connecting system for the Pacific Coast States.

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Motor Coach Company TIME TABLE

Table with columns for Leave Torrance for Wilmington and Long Beach, and Leave Long Beach for Torrance. Times range from 7:00 A.M. to 10:50 P.M.

D—Daily except Sundays and Holidays. S—Sunday only. *Connects for Catalina Island.

Professional Directory

DR. R. A. HOAG DENTIST New Edison Bldg. 1419 Marcelina Ave. Just West of Postoffice Complete X-Ray Service Torrance Phone 194

Dr. O. E. Fossum Dentist X-Ray Service Hour Sam Levy Bldg. 1311 Sartori Ave. 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Phone 188—Torrance, Calif.

PERRY G. BRINEY ATTORNEY-AT-LAW 110 First National Bank Bldg. Phone 159 Torrance

Dr. Norman A. Leake Physician and Surgeon Office, First National Bank Bldg. Telephone 90 Residence, 1255 Marcelina Ave. Telephone 11-M

J. R. JENSEN Attorney at Law State Exchange Bank Bldg. Torrance, California Phone Torrance 8

Drs. Lancaster and Shidler PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS Office, 14 House, 15 and 113 Office, First National Bank Bldg. Res., Cor. Post and Arlington Torrance California

Dr. A. P. Stevenson Physician and Surgeon Office, Sherman Bldg., 1397 El Prado Phone: House, 185-W Office, 96 Torrance, Calif.

DR. MAUDE R. CHAMBERS Chiropractor 820 Cota Ave. Torrance Phone 109-W Hours 9 to 7, except Thursday

Dr. C. E. Hotchkiss Chiropractor X-Ray and Laboratory Service 1311 Sartori Ave., Levy Bldg. Phone 296 Torrance